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CORRESPONDENCE

Father De Pauw

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: In theory as well as in practice there are unresolved questions about the right relationship between Catholic bishops and the priests who promise them "reverence and obedience." Especially at a time when the Council is trying to improve various relationships within the Church, COMMONWEAL does well to express concern for the human and Christian rights of the ordinary priest, whom some have called the Cinderella of *aggiornamento*.

No doubt this concern inspired your editorial [April 30] on Father Gommar De Pauw. I feel, however, that your comments did not succeed in being quite consistent. You first present a rather severe critique of this priest and "the glaring fissures in his knowledge and thought processes." Reenforcing current criticisms of seminary training, you then ask how someone of Father De Pauw's ideas got to be a seminary professor in the very first place.

This question overlooks the fact that Father De Pauw got to be such a professor before Angelo Roncalli got to be pope; it overlooks the possibility that his present ideas might well be recent ones (the "noisy, vernacularized and Protestantized liturgy with its dangerous translations" is one of his chief complaints, and could scarcely have been made until recently); you also presume that his seminary activities would be necessarily and seriously influenced by his ideas. In any case, you imply that a priest with such *ideas* ought not to be allowed to teach in a seminary. (Would a reformed seminary curb or oust him?)

Next you say that Cardinal Shehan should not have required Father De Pauw, who teaches seminarians from other dioceses besides Baltimore, to choose between leading the Traditionalist Movement and continuing to teach in a seminary for which the Cardinal is responsible. To strengthen your point, you judge that Father De Pauw's main and quite legitimate challenge was against the use of English in the Mass. The Cardinal has never denied Father De Pauw's right to make this challenge in a responsible way.

Father De Pauw, however, also charged that decisions likely to undermine the faith were extorted from the Council, that the leadership of the Church has fallen into the hands of progressives who, "for all practical purposes, have already progressed themselves outside the Church." Are such charges, merely "marginal" aspects of his case, as you say? Was his call for 50,000 priests to disobey church regulations concerning the Easter Gospel just a "marginal" matter? Was his imputation of heretical scheming on the part of American Catholic biblical scholars only a minor affair?

In summary, I feel that your editorial makes the most of Father De Pauw's errors when you question his being a seminary professor at all. Then you minimize his flaws when you question the decision taken by his bishop, who is also president of the seminary in question.

(REV.) JOSEPH GALLAGHER
Executive Editor
Baltimore Catholic Review

"One Year Later"

Drexel Hill, Pa.

To the Editors: Mary Perkins Ryan's article "One Year Later" [April 23] was a nudge to the conscience of this "Catholic parent." I have helped to form what is now the Pennsylvania Federation of CEF (my contribution was merely an ancient typewriter, plus zeal). The CEF are the most dedicated Catholics I know. They are knowledgeable concerning constitutional law (no small feat for an ordinary parent), history and education, among other things. I have not found them too Vatican II-minded. Some may not agree with that. However, if all are to become ecumenical-minded, CEF-ers are likely candidates. Our Washington headquarters has said the "liberals" do not want us (CEF) to make a fuss. I think this is an oversimplification of the situation at hand.

I heard Mrs. Ryan at Villanova, but she does not communicate from the platform quite so well as from her book. She might be interested in the following comments from a Citizen:

I entered His Church when Angelo Roncalli became Pope, and needless to say have devoured the mail from Rome. Mrs. Ryan's chapters concerning our now uncovered and partially renewed liturgy more perfectly mirror my own views. Anyone who has read her book knows it was written with the far-reaching implications of Vatican II in mind.

I of course appreciate Father Andrew Greeley (and shall keep his Ten Commandments), but do not share his "growing exasperation" with what he imagines is the "pose" of alienation. The alienation of thoughtful adult Catholics from parish life is a simple fact that must be remedied at all costs, if we are serious about reform, renewal, and *aggiornamento*. As I see it, the cry of alienation is basically a recognition of one's limitations (not egotism), and a cry for pastoral help from adult Catholics, (hardly an affectation). Father Canavan's comment that we cannot, in his opinion, "prove" that the parochial school system deprives us of needed priests and sisters in our midst would not stand, I think, if a serious survey were made.

Our children were young when I entered the Church, so I "prepared" them, of course, at home. At that time they were personally aware of the presence of Christ in their world. Our prayer life was spontaneous and meaningful. They devoured Scripture (which I translated as I read). We visited the Church often, in off hours. The Latin rite naturally meant little to them. I had thought I was preparing them for an even richer Catholic life in the "Catholic School." Let me say here, with no rancor, that after two years in the "system," my children are no longer the alert Christians they were. I am concerned, but do not "blame the Sisters," or anyone. Any brief, general

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criticism is always unfair, but our children are returned to us punishment-minded, memorizing, reciting little girls. Again, I have not found the Catholic school to be the complement to our home I had expected. Now I have argued that "renewal" will correct this. But Mrs. Ryan's point that necessary *school* authority, discipline, punishment, etc., should not be part of religious formation is important. (I should like educators to write about that.)

Ironically, if we were to "quietly place" our children in the public school, their general education would now be inferior. For as Mrs. Ryan has said, math, science, etc. have been updated in the system, but not the "all-important" religion! Then, too, the so-called "neutral school" poses another problem—a problem, however, that could be faced (and should be faced by Catholic citizens) if only we had any real "parish life."

Mrs. Ryan has forced me to re-think what the impact of an even larger school system *might* mean in the "new climate." I am aware of the "risks," but what most impressed me in her book is the point that Catholic citizens will be even less involved with public education, among other things. (After *Peace on Earth* will someone write about that?) This is a hard saying for a hard-core CEF-er: "I am not convinced that attendance at a Catholic school would be the best way of preparing a young person for Catholic living in today's world."

The Catholic parish should be the center of worship, resulting in a community of stimulating Catholic thought, resulting in Catholic action. We have many fine organizations, but are not organized. (I agree with Michael Novak's suggestions, by the way). I should like to see, in the future, our extant schools become training centers (for lack of a better term) for the *whole* community. Let's bring in the lambs, bare-foot, but more often well-shod. Here, too, we would have that all-important lay-clergy "confrontation."

Perhaps Mrs. Ryan has "not proved

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FOREIGN POLICY FEVER

The United States is in one of its moods again. We have these fits periodically, when everything we do or say about foreign policy takes on the general quality of shrillness, and the rest of the world blinks in bewilderment. It takes a brave man, for example, to go back and read some of the nonsense intelligent people were writing about foreign policy in the late thirties. The early fifties were another classical period. The shock of Mao's victory in China, the Soviet acquisition of the bomb, various spy trials, Korea—all spiced with a dash of McCarthy—sent the country spinning back into a temporary childhood filled with baby talk of preventive war and conspiracy in Washington.

The symptoms are returning today. Both the Administration and the Administration's critics, right and left, exude righteousness. Considering President Johnson's propensity for this sort of thing, the Administration held the righteousness factor to a surprising minimum during the earlier stages of the Vietnam conflict; the critics had the lead on moralistic judgments. But since the Dominican fiasco, righteousness has broken out all over, and the President shows every indication of willingness to match his critics, homily for homily, if not even to escalate the whole debate into the happy hunting ground of Patriotism.

Further, both critics and criticized appear unwilling to communicate. The Administration has done this by the outrageous practice of pressuring Congressional critics into silence; and now makes a point of hinting that it considers the rest of the nation's opinion not worth having. As for the critics, too many have refused *a priori* to grant the government's arguments any plausibility, preferring instead to fence with straw men such as exaggerated versions of the "domino theory" which have little resemblance to Administration policy. Each side of the Vietnam debate has often been lecturing eloquently—enclosed in an isolation booth.

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Further evidence of foreign policy fever is the spreading feeling that all things are within the control of the U.S. This delusion has two current versions. Either America is so invincible that it can enforce its wishes around the world, or America is so corrupt that *it* is the source of most of the world's problems (which therefore can be solved by reform at home and withdrawal abroad). Could it be possible that the obstacle to negotiations in Vietnam is really the wish of the other side to keep fighting, and not the hesitancy of bad men in the Pentagon? Could it be possible that the U.S. simply cannot sterilize every Latin American revolution of any Communist germs? Could it be possible, in other words, that all options are just not open? Not in the new solipsistic mood in which the limits imposed on U.S. actions by other nations' wishes are figments of the imagination.

Added to this faith in U.S. action, or non-action as the key to all problems is the desire to settle these problems in one fell swoop. "Get out!" "Send in the Marines!" "Hit China!" International politics is seen as a series of isolated problems or incidents, not as a decades-long process of developing a *modus vivendi.*

The motto of the moment seems to be Napoleon's *on s'engage et puis on voit*—take action now, then see what happens. The mood in which such a strategy makes sense is one of "monolithic paronia." The enemy is one, and the enemy is all around. Therefore, to strike out at once (if not at random) will probably do more good than harm. The Dominican crisis indicates the extent to which this vision seems to have entered the government. The critics who mix race and foreign policy and a dozen other issues into one grab bag, label it "America" or "the Establishment," and then disrupt an ROTC assembly under the impression they are stopping the war in Vietnam are playing the same juvenile game.

The United States cannot afford its little moods any longer. Neither can the world. If we cannot debate our foreign policy openly (bipartisanship, loyalty, etc., etc., notwithstanding), then democracy means nothing. But if we cannot learn a style for this debate which smacks less of the revival meeting; if we cannot escape this fluctuation between moral revulsion at all use of power and chauvinist indulgence in it; if we cannot discuss foreign policy with more regard to specifics and less to whether the arguments are advanced by "hawks" or "doves"; if we cannot learn to think in terms of a world which will be dangerous for a long time to come instead of one where peace is just around the corner, then in the long run democracy will still mean nothing.

THE "TEACH-IN"

The recent nationwide "teach-in" may be as close as this country will get to the ideal of a rational argument by informed men about the Vietnam conflict. To be sure, the Administration played its role in the usual way. The featured speaker, Mr. McGeorge Bundy, did not appear, much to the disappointment but probably not surprise of a large student audience in colleges throughout the nation. Thus there was no "official" Administration spokesman; the task of defending President Johnson's Vietnam policy was left in the hands of sympathetic outsiders.

Perhaps this was just as well. The Administration has not established a notable record for credibility, and one might necessarily have had to take Mr. Bundy's words with many grains of salt. As it turned out, the defense of the Administration was in good hands. The result was a long, but rarely boring confrontation of the pertinent issues, amazingly free of invective and consistently intelligent.

Perhaps the best thing about the debate was that, by and large, it was carried on by men generally known for their liberalism; hence, the audience was spared another sterile right wing *vs.* left wing venture in name-calling. This was important, for it made clear as nothing else could how complex are the issues, how obscure the facts and how little amenable the whole problem is to the rhetoric of ideologues. Inevitably, of course, ideology came into play, but far more noteworthy was the grappling with political and social complexities in a realistic way. Nothing really new was said, but that could hardly have been expected. What was new was the level of discussion; and at least at the main session in Washington there was little of the heckling and shouting which had earlier marred similar ventures on individual campuses around the country.

There is no easy way to judge who won the debate. Our guess, however, is that the Administration may have gotten the best of the encounter. At least on the campuses the views of the critics are better known and have been better expressed than those of the Administration, and that mainly because the Administration has evaded many issues, dealt in vague generalizations and tried to conceal some of the harsher realities of South Vietnamese political life. But in the "teach-in," the Administration had some intelligent defenders, men who felt no necessity to support every item of American policy. For once it was possible for many to see that a solid case could be made for the present course of American policy in Vietnam without automatically

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placing the defender of that policy in the camp of the omnipresent jingoists.

GUN BATTLE

Senator Kefauver's drug bill languished in Congress until the thalidomide babies were born. The bill was passed, but even then it fell far short of expectations. Senator Dodd's firearms control bill met the same sort of indifference until the assassination of President Kennedy. But the upsurge of popular interest in keeping maniacs, criminals and children from easy access to firearms was not enough. The bill still languishes in committee. President Johnson has inspired a new and stronger bill, but it is given little chance. Under pressure from the National Rifle Association and gun dealers, Congress is not disposed to pass even the mild Dodd bill.

Public apathy to some sort of meaningful firearms control law is a mystery. Through homicide and suicide, guns take the lives of about 13,000 Americans a year. Perhaps most of these deaths would have occurred through other means anyhow, but the free and easy traffic in firearms makes death by violence a good deal easier, and probably a good deal more common. No one is attempting to outlaw private arms in America, even if it were possible to do so. What the Dodd bill attempts to do is to set a few safeguards around the almost uncontrolled distribution of firearms. At the present time, a Lee Harvey Oswald, a sixth-grader, or a convicted criminal can buy a gun by simply filling out a newspaper coupon and sending his money to a mail order house. The Dodd bill would route mail-order sales through a local gun dealer, who would then have to comply with local law before turning over the weapon to the purchaser. The step is reasonable and moderate. In fact, in some states the change is necessary to keep local laws from meaninglessness—buying a gun over the counter in Pennsylvania means a 48-hour wait, so that police do some checking on the purchaser; on mail orders into Pennsylvania there is no check at all. The Dodd bill does not infringe on the right of possession or ownership, but merely the manner of sale. Yet the bill has been stalled in the Senate for years and has not yet even come to a vote in committee. The situation is inexplicable unless one takes into account the power of the firearms lobby, whose attraction is strong for conservative and reactionary Congressmen—the ones, incidentally, who seem to claim the most concern for "violence in the streets." (It is interesting too that Senator Sparkman has reported "a veritable storm of protest" against firearms control from his Alabama constituents.)

The Johnson bill is stronger, but not excessive. It would curtail the importation of guns—mainly cast-off military weapons—from abroad; prohibit mail order sales to individuals by limiting firearms shipments in interstate commerce to licensed dealers, importers and manufacturers; and would require a gun-buyer to be a certified resident of the state in which the weapon is bought.

Because of the strength of the lobby groups involved, it is not clear how the Johnson bill can be passed, or even why the President chose to introduce a stronger bill when the weaker one is failing. But some sort of law should be enacted. As the Washington *Post* said recently, "In a country where four Presidents have been assassinated by gunfire and where guns exact a terrible toll in death and tragedy every year, sportsmen can fairly be asked to incur minor inconvenience for the sake of the general welfare."

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

YANKEES VS. LATINS

The Chilean poet, Gabriela Mistral, once said that "what unites us in Spanish America is our beautiful language and our distrust of the United States." It is the curse of Latin America that it lies on the same continent with Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, acquisitive, bourgeois, reformist, *successful* North America. Perhaps this is also the provocation to Latin America which is indispensable to its fulfillment—if fulfillment is ever to come to a region of idiosyncratic successes but, thus far, of ultimate frustration. Nonetheless, the Latin fate is a bitter one, as the United States Marine Corps and the 82nd Airborne Division are now ramming home.

The United States is to Latin America what, culturally and politically, Russia is to Poland—an ineluctable threat which must be resisted as a condition of survival. Indeed, for Latin Americans the struggle is not even a matter of choice since capitulation and

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assimilation are not practical possibilities. Latin America and North America are in crucial respects antithetical societies. The one is derived, in its formative culture at least, from a part of Europe which for three hundred years has isolated itself from the social, technological, and political revolutions which in the rest of Europe and in North America have produced a modern age. Latin America is by no means identical with Iberian Europe (nor, obviously, can generalizations about the disparate nations which make up Latin America be more than suggestive), but contemporary Latin America is close enough to the romantic, anti-bourgeois society of pre-industrial Spain and Portugal to all but exclude the possibility of meaningful communication with North America. In a deeper sense than words we have no language in common.

The great revolution of modern Latin America was, of course, the Mexican, an upheaval by an Indian peasant mass to crack an imposed and alien pattern. It was a convulsion which included immense excesses and was profoundly anti-*yanqui*. It was an anguished definition of what it was to be *Mexican*—as distinguished from a post-colonial society of an Indian mass and a derivatively European élite. And it was condemned by North America and resisted by United States economic, political, and military interventions. But in Mexico, as in ebullient Brazil, a national identity has emerged—a nation conscious of itself and of national worth. One suspects that it is this violent experience, not the economic and political gradualism and middle-class reform of the Alliance for Progress, which will relieve the frustration of the continent—if it is to be relieved.

For what can the United States say that is intelligible to Latin America—to mulatto Cuba or Dominica or Brazil any more than to Indian Mexico or the European Argentine? The problem is not a simple one of *yanqui* egoism or arrogance. Ours is not a pattern that Spanish America could adopt even if it wished. Ours is a bourgeois, moralizing, Protestant society, as indifferent to programmatic politics as it is to radical religious commitment. We have power, money, glamor—and Latin America exists in our shadow. It is too *different* to conform; it cannot become a Canada. It is too weak to ignore us.

And we will not, in any event, leave Latin America alone. Thus our intervention in the Dominican Republic must seem a banal confrontation as well as a squalid one. It is only the latest episode in a permanent misunderstanding. And the debate within the United States over this affair never escapes the misunderstanding. The argument is only over the character of the American intervention—condemning or supporting an intervention that supports Rightists, or demanding a different or more subtle intervention to support liberalism or the Left.

The Johnson Doctrine

The truth is that the Johnson Doctrine, so-called, is of a piece with the Alliance for Progress. Both are expressions of a belief that the North American political and social experience is of general validity and relevance. Both assume a North American need, right, or mission to influence the political choices of the Latin American states, although the argument from *Realpolitik* is never quite admitted. There is, of course, a "realist" case to be advanced in support of the Johnson Doctrine. As Walter Lippmann has argued, the Caribbean Sea is a zone of United States strategic interest, and by traditional standards we might insist that the governments of that area meet our approval. Then the argument over our intervention might properly be limited to whether the action rested on a valid interpretation of the rebel movement, whether a U.S.-supported military *junta* can make up a serious government (even as a client government), and whether a division of Marines and airborne soldiers constitutes a very adroit intervention.

But this kind of "realism" is not practiced very gracefully by the United States—nor, since Wilson at least, are we prepared to admit that our actions are governed by considerations so naked in their self-interest. *Realpolitik* is also an impartial principle—Vietnam is in the zone of Chinese strategic interest. In any event, the Johnson Doctrine, whatever its motivations, and it is difficult to believe that it was very seriously thought through, was phrased as a document of liberal and even messianist rhetoric. Nietzsche once spoke of "the innocence which is part and parcel of [modern] intellectual dishonesty. . . ."

And the real argument is evaded: the argument that radical resistance to the United States may be the ultimate and indispensable recourse of a Latin American nation which wishes to survive the fate of lying seven hundred miles off Miami. To be a Dominican it may be necessary deliberately to cultivate everything which most outrages the United States. And to be a North American it may be inevitable—even if it should not be—that Dominican identity and autonomy be resisted, and that, as a last resort, we convey our message of liberalism and reform to this neighbor to the south by means of the Caribbean Fleet and the admirable Marine Corps.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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THE BELOVED COUNTRY 1965

Economically stronger, morally weaker

ALAN PATON

Five years ago I would have reported differently. At Sharpeville in the Transvaal, on March 21, 1960, 69 Africans were shot dead after a demonstration, which while frightening to the white police because of its sheer size, was unarmed. As a result of this, Africans marched in great numbers into Cape Town and Durban. A nation-wide emergency was declared, in which a number of my friends and associates were imprisoned, and months later released without charge, trial, or verdict. The anger of the outside world, including the West, was intense. Money poured out of the country. The markets tumbled. It seemed that great changes were imminent. It seemed as though the Nationalist Government under Dr. Verwoerd would have at last to make concessions, and to relax its inflexible policies of apartheid, the color bar, and racial separation, with their attendant cruelties.

In 1965 my report is quite different. There has been no second Sharpeville. I am certain that the police have received the strictest instructions to guard against panic in mob situations. The anger of the countries of the West has cooled, many of them having been rebuffed in Africa. The anger of the other African countries is seen to be less dangerous, because of their military and economic weakness, and because of their own dividedness. Money has poured back into the country. The markets have recovered, and we have been passing through a period of unprecedented economic prosperity.

It seems as though Dr. Verwoerd will not need to make any concessions, but will on the contrary be able to proceed unchecked with his racial program, and to act more and more drastically against his political opponents, who, whatever their policies may be, are, either deemed to be Communists, or are deemed to be furthering, wittingly or unwittingly, the aims of Communism. A person like myself, for example, is thought by a great number of white South Africans to belong to one of these categories. It would avail nothing to tell them that one sees no solution in violence and that one does not believe in totalitarian rule, because such an assertion would brand one as either a rogue or a fool.

Public Opinion

White South Africa cares little what Russia or China or any country of the East or Africa thinks of her policies and practices of apartheid. She cares only for the good opinion of the countries of the West. When, however, she is criticized by one of them, she is offended, and points to the moral decadence of the West, declaring that Christianity and decency find their last stronghold in the Deep South of Africa. It is doubtful whether there is a country in the world so convinced as is white South Africa of its rightness, of the beauty of its (white) girls, of the happiness of its citizens (except those of course who are unjustifiably dissatisfied, largely because they are exploited by agitators), of the harmony of its race relations. And indeed one who

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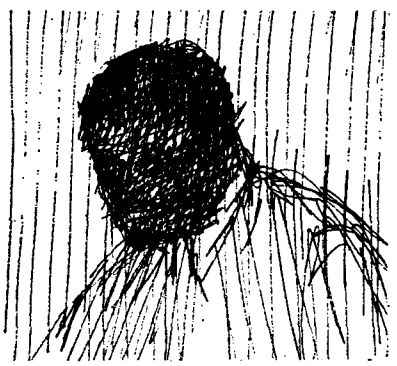
questions these convictions is not a searcher after truth, but a Communist, an agitator, a hater of the good, a creator of chaos for some unspeakable end.

Our Government's status in the eyes of the West has certainly not deteriorated since 1960. In some respects it may have improved. The restlessness of Africa, the cool and sometimes hostile attitude of some of the new countries towards America and Britain, the chaos of the Congo, the increasing influence of Russia and China in the African continent, all these things have improved our image. The South African Foundation, established largely by businessmen, invites Western leaders, largely businessmen, to visit South Africa, and most of these visitors praise our stability, admire our industry, and either commend our racial policies or tell us that they are our own concern.



Since 1960 white South Africa, also influenced by events in Africa, has moved massively to the right; that is to say, to the side of white supremacy, apartheid, and authoritarian state powers. White immigrants from Kenya, Zambia, Rhodesia, and Tanganyika have strengthened this swing, and although most of them are English-speaking, they find no difficulty in supporting the Afrikaner Nationalists, largely because they themselves seem to have developed an intense dislike of Britain and all things British. This is also true, though to a lesser extent, of immigrants from Britain itself, who soon adapt themselves to the racial situation, and who soon realize that it is the color bar that protects their privileged position.

It is the boast of white South Africans that in a restless continent, their own country is a haven of prosperity, peace, and order. Up to a certain point this boast is justified. Visitors who have been influenced by scare stories and exaggerated anti-apartheid propaganda are genuinely surprised when they find that black people are not shot and thrashed in the streets, that the racially mixed crowds in the cities move about their business with a minimum of friction, that Africans laugh and talk with great vivacity, that in every city great new buildings are being erected, that the road system for a country of this size and population is quite remarkable, that the air services are splendid, that South Africa is a modern, vigorous, highly industrialized, society. Whatever other motives there may be for the swing to the right, one is undoubtedly the fear that this prosperity and efficiency might be destroyed if the policies of apartheid, with their underlying assumption of white supremacy, were relaxed in any way whatsoever. Dr. Verwoerd has said that white South Africa, in resisting any such change, would be "like granite."

A Harder Look

It is necessary to examine further the contention that South Africa is a land of law and order. In 1960 I might have described it as a volcano, or as a pot whose lid was being pressed down on forces which would ultimately be uncontrollable. Today it does not appear to be so. Today the forces seem to be controllable. Our rulers contend that more and more non-white people are accepting the policy of separate development, and that apart from the disturbances of agitators, satisfaction reigns.

My own view is otherwise. This outward appearance of peace is due to the tremendous powers at the disposal of the Government to silence its opponents, to banish them to remote places, to confine them to restricted areas, to deny them entry to schools, colleges, factories, courts of law, and other places, to forbid them to attend meetings, to order them to stay at home for any daily period up to twenty-four hours, all this without charge, trial, or verdict. Many of these opponents are dealt with under the Suppression of Communism Act, though they have never had any connections with Communism. And there is no doubt that the protests of some American critics die away when they are told that some person has been silenced under an anti-Communism Act, for according to that vicious proverb, where there is smoke there is fire.

The great power of the Government has also been shown in other ways. The Communist Party was banned in 1950, the African National Congress and the Pan-African Congress were banned in 1960. But now one hears every few days of some new trial that is beginning, of persons who refused to give up their political work, and continued it in secret. The penalties are severe, and it seldom happens that a person is charged on only one count. It must also be noted that one simply cannot start a new organization, because it is also a serious offense to further aims *similar* to the aims of a banned organization.

Others have done more than continue organizational

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work. They have planned and in some cases carried out sabotage. They have trained others in sabotage. They have left the country without passports, and have undergone military training abroad. The sabotage trials were the feature of 1964, and heavy sentences were imposed, from five years to life imprisonment. Contrary to reports abroad, no one has yet been executed for sabotage unless murder was also involved. Many of these saboteurs were young white men and women, who, frustrated by the absoluteness of the Government's power, and angered by the use of that power to cripple legitimate political opposition, thought—foolishly and tragically—that they could persuade it by violence. Many of them were products of our universities, and one can only guess at the depth of the frustration that allowed them to believe that they could shake white supremacy by toppling over a couple of pylons.

The most tragic case of all was that of John Harris, a young white schoolmaster, who thought that he could shake white supremacy by planting a bomb in the white concourse of the Johannesburg railway station, by which act he caused the death of an elderly woman and grave injuries to others. Up till then his record had been one of outstanding service to the cause of non-racialism in sport. For his act of sabotage he was hanged.

Some of these saboteurs were members and banned members of the Liberal Party of South Africa, and the damage they have done to the cause of liberalism is incomputable. They made it easier for the Government to ban other Liberals who had never contemplated sabotage, but who were actively opposed to apartheid. Yet they did what they did largely because they wanted to show that there were white people who were prepared to suffer for the liberation of black people.

The security measures adopted by the saboteurs were extremely inefficient. But it was not only that which enabled the police to uncover the entire organization. The police were aided by a new law which empowers them to detain any person for a period of ninety days in solitary confinement, without warrant or charge, and to detain such person for subsequent periods of ninety days (until he or she "answers satisfactorily" the questions put to him or her). Many of us fear that in some cases the questioning was carried out brutally and with violence. Two detainees committed suicide and others attempted to do so. The results were all that the police could have desired. They soon had detainees willing to give evidence for the State, willing to reveal the names of accomplices not yet discovered, willing to testify against accomplices whom they themselves had brought into the organization.

One would think that the Christian world would regard with horror this interference with the very springs of human personality. But many white South African Christians feel no such horror. Law and order have been preserved. Communists and Liberals have been routed. God, who desires order, and who has placed magistrates in authority over us, has been well served. Why should one pity those who have betrayed their own comrades? Would they not have created chaos had they been able? Why pity the criminal when one should be thanking God and the authorities for his punishment, even his death?

The problem of Church and Christian in a secular society is of course not peculiar to South Africa. Therefore if I should criticize Church and Christian in the South African society, I must not be imagined to believe that Church and Christian are not corrupted in other societies. Nor must it be imagined that I consider myself uncorrupted. Only a few Christians like Francis of Assisi have carried out Christ's teachings in their purity. Only a few Christians have died because they chose to obey God rather than man, and only a few Christians ever find themselves in such a situation. "Take up your Cross and follow Me" is not only the hardest of all commandments, it is the one which Christians in general take least seriously.

Yet one should always be conscious of the corruption. There should always be a tension between what we are and what we wish to be, and by a tension I mean a fruitful and creative one. There should always be a tension—and this is a statement that would shock many white South Africans—between Church and State, and between Christian and society.

The Church in South Africa is situated in a color-bar society, and has been profoundly affected by it. The Church is placed in a society in which, as a result of the laws of separate development, contact between races has grown less; each racial group has its own group areas, and I, for example, being white may not visit a friend in an African group area without permit. Separate development, and separate group areas, make interracial worship difficult. It must however be honestly stated that even *before* the advent of the group areas laws, interracial worship was not a general practice.

Christianity is essentially a non-racial religion, but it finds itself here in a society whose rulers abhor non-racialism and who legislate to destroy it altogether. Therefore white South African Christians can do one of three things. They can welcome the laws and regard enforced racial separation as completely compatible with Christianity, or they can through fear or apathy submit to the "authority of the magistrates," or they can

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honestly try in thought and action to reject any kind of racial discrimination. Sometimes all three kinds of Christians are found *in one and the same congregation,* and this confronts the minister with the danger that if he condemns racial discrimination, he will be accused of dividing the church, and of "bringing politics into religion." This indeed has happened to some, in both Afrikaans- and English-speaking churches.

What I am in effect saying is that the problems of the Church and the Christian in a color-bar society such as exists in South Africa are immense. But I am also saying that the corruption is immense too, and that the tension between what we are and what we earnestly wish to be, is nothing like as great as it should be. Indeed for many white Christians there is no tension at all, because society as it is, is precisely what they wish it to be; they fear change more than they fear God.

Are non-white Christians also corrupted by living in a color-bar society? In a different way, yes. They have established more than 2000 religious sects, some of which have only a Christian veneer, and some of which are certainly, even if not overtly, anti-white; one of the reasons for this proliferation is the color bar upheld by so many white Christians. Right through Africa are to be found Africans who, once Christians, have renounced, some the Church, some Christianity, some even Christ Himself. They felt they could not work and plan for liberation while being Christians, or they despised the Church for being hypocritical and acquiescent in evil; sometimes they began to hate God as a white God, and Christ as a white Christ, and urged a return to the tribal religion.

Yet I am not primarily concerned here with the corruption of black Christians and black Christianity. I am writing about the corruption of what are usually called "the Churches" and the corruption of white Christians. And the reason why I write about them is that they still have power, and could materially change the situation.

The Churches

On the whole the tension between Church and State is least noticeable in the case of the Dutch Reformed Churches, of which there are three, one large and two small. Half of South Africa's three million white people adhere to the D.R. Churches, and the overwhelming majority of these Christians are Afrikaans-speaking; they vote for Dr. Verwoerd, they believe in the policies of separate racial development, and they believe in separate racial churches, though the big DRC has declared that its services are open to all.

The big DRC accepts its prophetic role, but in its dealings with the State "the tried method of negotiation will be used without public display." Whether intended or not, there is here an implied rebuke of those Churches whose leaders have protested publicly, perhaps against apartheid itself, perhaps against laws thought to be unjust. These Churches, in so far as their white membership is concerned, are overwhelmingly English-speaking, and to them adhere one million white people; they are the Methodist, Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches. They have also about three million non-white adherents, while the D.R. Churches have about half-a-million (according to the census of 1960) and this doubtless is relevant to the question of protest.

One must not suppose however that the members of the English-speaking churches are united in their opposition to the policies of apartheid and separate racial development, and to the assumption of far-reaching powers by the State. Most of those who are articulate in their opposition are members of the clergy, but that is to be expected. It would be difficult to say what percentage of the white laity support such opposition, but I will hazard the guess that it is not more than twenty percent.

Recently a Methodist minister in a Transvaal country town aroused anger when he entertained both black and white Christians at tea in his house; he was subsequently transferred to another district, yet this year the President of the Methodist Conference in South Africa is an African, the Rev. Seth Mokitimi, the first African president in the history of the Methodist Church. In Cape Town, also recently, the Council of St. George's Anglican school refused to admit the son of a colored Anglican, yet the Anglican Cathedral in that city has a prominent notice-board announcing that all races are welcome there. Still more recently, the Council of Herschel, the Anglican girls' school in Cape Town, admitted the daughter of the same applicant, but it is not known yet whether the Government will permit a colored pupil to attend a school in a white group area. The Dean of Cape Town has recently announced that he will not seek official permission to hold mixed gatherings on cathedral premises; this was his response to recent Government action which forbids mixed audiences at sports and entertainments unless by permit.

There is another matter which must be mentioned in any honest discussion of Church and society. In South Africa we have all become accustomed to different standards of living for different racial groups. This affects the payment of stipends to ministers. In general the stipend of an African minister is from one-third to

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two-thirds of the stipend of a white minister. In 1963 the Johannesburg Diocesan Synod accepted a proposal to equalize stipends. In the Roman Catholic Church the stipends of all parish priests (as distinct from missionaries) are equal, but of course the celibacy of the priesthood has made the attainment of equality easier. Inequality of stipend is the cause of much bitterness amongst African ministers in the big churches; this bitterness, because it is not becoming to a Christian, is often concealed, but when it is revealed its depth is shocking.

This is the bewildering picture of the church in the South African society. It is certainly not the picture of a transforming or crusading church. Some of us look wistfully to America, where churchmen seem to us to be playing an active and creative part in the civil rights campaign. It is a fact that those South Africans who have in the last ten years suffered for their beliefs, and for their rejection of apartheid, have in the main been members of political groups, not churchmen; if one believes apartheid to be evil, the fact becomes melancholy.

No easy way

THE PROBLEM OF SANCTIONS

PETER RITNER

The fearsome thing about genuine moral problems is that they do not vanish however you look at them.

Take South Africa. Looked at in most ways the present regime of the Republic of South Africa is an abomination. It is a blunder. It is an affront. Here is an overbearing society of white men, armed with every modern instrument of weaponry and communications, lording it over four times their number of black men — exploiting them economically, degrading them politically in accord with *Herrenvolk* principles as pure as those of the Spartans. We must see not only the episodes of overt, stinging brutality, like the affray at Sharpeville, which get into the international news. The poisonous violence hidden in the intimate texture of the society is far worse: casual insults and jostlings in the streets, bad diets, coarse obtrusions into every detail of work and life, the shadow of the police, the death of hope, the pity, hate, or fear mirrored in the face of every white man looking at a black one. Any decent man cries out for an end to it: such a system must be wiped from the face of the earth. It is un-Christian, it is inhuman, it is uncivilized. Almost as bad, it is an atrocious anachronism: it is unstable, it breeds holocaust, it is bad for the "West." For good reasons of conscience and politics no enlightened nation can afford to sit passively by while the Afrikaners run their course to doomsday. Something must be done — the sooner the better.

Looked at another way there is something faintly unedifying, to use an old-fashioned word, about the elaborate plans which have been drafted to involve the whole world in the destruction of Afrikanerdom. The population of South Africa totals about 16 million. Of this 16 million there are about 3.5 million whites, and within this category fall the 2 million Afrikaners, men, women, and children, who are the political masters of the country and the targets of an anti-South African campaign.

Even the most extreme anti-Afrikaner agrees that to achieve its aims such a campaign will require an unparalleled degree of synchronized action on the part of all the other nations of earth. Here is something like the whole world falling upon the city of Philadelphia. Is the world justified in taking so lofty a line? Is Indonesia, for example? Or Ghana, or Russia, or Communist China, or the United States? Does one not sniff, in the clamor against South Africa, the dangerous scent of a scapegoat—a cheaper way of exercising passions of indignation, and absolutist ideas of justice, than by chastising sinners who are more powerful or closer to home?

True enough, yet the dilemma sticks. No happy "internal development" is going to take the cup from our lips. The demographical fragmentation of the African population; its openness to surveillance; the novel solidarity of English-speaking and Afrikaans-

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speaking whites, dramatically demonstrated in this winter's provincial elections; the size of the white population itself; the military training of its young men; their access to the latest in equipment: these factors, and others, make it impossible that a revolutionary process inside South Africa will produce the changes the world wants without any effort on the world's part. So we are left to try to sort the problem out.

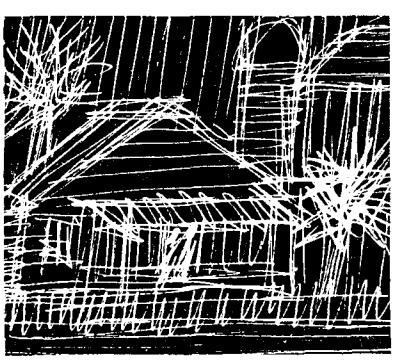
World Opinion Stupefied

To begin with, the "law" which South African society breaks every day is not the same sort of law broken every other day in Alabama. In Alabama citizens and public officials are committed to, and derive benefits from, the Constitution of the United States and statutes of the Federal Government of the United States. When an Alabaman transgresses a law of the Federal Government the survival of the nation itself demands that he be prosecuted and, if guilty, punished as prescribed by statute. There is, of course, no overriding rubric in this sense which regulates the internal arrangements of one nation according to the ideologies of other nations. This is obvious enough. Yet surely "natural law," the Declaration of Human Rights (from which South Africa abstained), or the United Nations Charter can be meaningfully violated? Surely South Africa constitutes a "threat to peace"? No doubt. But the same world urged today to move in on South Africa afforded Hitler all the opportunity he wanted to implement his *internal* policies, Stalin his, Mao his (including, in the last case, the horrible "conquest" of Tibet)—the same world which facilitated Sukarno's pocketing of western New Guinea, watched in boredom while India confiscated the Portuguese enclaves and raided the Nagas—these being instances when "world opinion" was either stupefied by the size of the sinner, indifferent to the sins, or both. The point is worth making.

To advance a step, and to assume it is high time the world punish sinners large and small (but might as well start with small ones)—what kinds of pressure can be brought on Afrikanerdom? Certainly universal obloquy in the world press, plus ostracism from international sporting events, plus a worldwide "Remember Sharpeville Day," will not accomplish much in the way of internal reforms of South Africa. The Afrikaner is not ashamed of doing what strikes him as both morally right and politically obligatory.

So there is a diminishing group, of which years ago I was myself a member, which opts for what might be termed the "swift, surgical stroke" of military sanctions: the mobilization of an international force which descends on South Africa, pens up male Afrikaners in hygienic barracks, and sets an occupation regime to binding up the wounds. The analogy, I suppose, is to some such feat of kingcraft as Edward I's conquest of Wales. Was it not better to get the business done with, once and for all, than to permit Marcher and Welsh borderers to bleed both countries for 500 years? Aside from the other challenges to common sense this approach poses in the South African connection, the problems of those charged with designing this police-army, in adjusting its procedures to suit those great nations which will be paying for it, and those other great nations which will be scrutinizing it with the utmost suspicion, suffice to explain why it is not taken more seriously.

Hence, lastly, we come to the development of economic pressures, boycotts and blockades—so relatively easy to plot against a small and isolated state lacking many of the key raw materials for modern industrialized society. And such work as has been undertaken of practical means of forcing South Africa to mend her ways has been in this area of economic sanctions. This work is to be studied in two recent documents. First, a report, dated March 2, 1965, of an Expert Committee established by the United Nations Security Council to look into the "feasibility, effectiveness, and implications" of measures that might be taken by the Security Council against South Africa. The majority of this eleven-nation committee felt its function to be exploratory and consultative; the "political and psychological implications" of action against South Africa they left the full Security Council to determine. The representatives of the U.S.S.R. and



Czechoslovakia disagreed; in a sharply worded dissent they advocated total embargo and boycott, along with other strong medicine.

The second document I refer to is far more valuable than the Expert Committee's Report, though not more agreeable. Published in paper by Penguin as "Sanctions

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Against South Africa," this is the record of an unofficial conference held in London in April 1964 for the purpose of providing the background information necessary for a workable scheme of international economic sanctions. With possibly a single exception, every contributor to this symposium was thoroughly committed to a vigorous anti-South African policy before he ever came to London; no one could call the report objective. There is also in it more than a trace of intellectual thuggery.

Not Entirely Candid

Which brings us to the next point, of which overmuch need not be made. There are highly intelligent and influential persons near the core of the movement for economic sanctions against South Africa who are not entirely candid about their views. That is to say, from long first-hand acquaintance with South Africa these individuals know in their hearts that the Afrikaner's mind and habits are not going to succumb to economic pressures alone. What these people do believe is that economic sanctions will disrupt the Afrikaner's power structure, at the same time that they drive into even more desperate misery the black population, setting the stage for an upheaval of terrifying proportions—and they hold, moreover, that through this gigantic bloodletting lies the only path forward for the South African black man. But these days polite society does not espouse chaos, hence the observed reticence. Of course, most people who work for the relief of the black South African do not harbor notions of this ilk, but they share their cause with men who do. And unfortunately the prospect itself is not altogether a hollow nightmare, whatever one feels about it.

To turn to the practical machinery of economic sanctions. Originally the thought was a more-or-less total embargo on imports and exports, underwritten by the United Nations and policed by a United Nations task force. This comparatively simple plan is confounded by the peculiar nature of South Africa's principal contribution to the world economy—the commodity responsible for the prosperity of the country, as well as the awkward strength of her white population: namely, gold. The sales of gold account for about 50 per cent of South Africa's total exports. But it is more illuminating to point out that in 1963 South Africa produced 70 per cent of the world's total production of gold outside the Soviet bloc. Gold is the metal which in its weird, controversial, quasi-symbolic way backs up the major currencies of the Western world, and upon an ample supply of which depends, in the present structure of things, such liquidity as exists in the international economy, a liquidity never more desirable, and never more fugitive, than at the present moment.

To squeeze a mare's-nest into a thimble, it is almost impossible to conceive of a *successful* boycott on South African gold unless gold's whole role in the interna-

tional economy were to be abandoned by the major governments and central bankers of the world. For one thing, gold is readily smuggled, and in her neighbor Mozambique South Africa possesses the ideal smuggler's cove. And while the dethronement of gold may be desirable in itself (a compulsory international monetary reform is a splendid bonus to be obtained from sanctions against South Africa, it has been seriously said—though by no means every would-be reformer advocates the end of gold's monetary function) this is a prodigious undertaking: something with which to occupy years of conferences and pacts, and requiring the most perfect harmony between the major treasuries of earth. France? Britain? The United States? So far to seek is harmony, on this matter especially, that the idea of a gold boycott is usually taken up only to be promptly dropped like a hot saucepan. Yet what other kinds of boycott can hurt South Africa? Rocklobsters, caracal, wool—three other important exports of hers? Would damage to these industries force the Afrikaners to their knees?

Oil Embargo Would Hurt

And so the strategy has evolved which gives up on South Africa's exports and envisages instead a blockade on imports into the country only. Here South Africa is vulnerable, lacking as she does indigenous sources of a number of products which run a modern society. Oil, in particular. In a country where the automobile is as ubiquitous as it is in California, and where the military machine is fueled by oil, an oil embargo would inflict grave inconvenience in a fairly short time, and after a period of a year or so might bring important

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sectors of the economy to a full stop. Other items she has traditionally imported, such as the latest-model weapons for maintenance of her "internal security," South Africa is rapidly building the capacity to produce for herself. But an oil embargo would hurt her badly—there is no question of that.

There remains the one great question-mark defying the analysis of everyone who addresses himself to the South African problem. *No one can say for certain how tough the Afrikaners really are*—how stubbornly they will cling to their ethos in the face of the accumulating penalties of international pariahdom. But one cannot be heedless of the tenacity of a *volk* which speaks a language of its own, and subscribes to a history of its own, gaining from cultural isolation itself a formidable communal strength. Although to a decreasing degree, the Afrikaners are fundamentally, temperamentally, a tribe of peasant patriots—the hardest kind of men to coerce. If they must, they can eschew the frills of twentieth-century urban life. Pressed into a corner, they can intensify their enslavement of the African black.

No one must deceive himself as to which segment of the population will suffer the soonest, and the worst, when the blockade begins to pinch. With his production and reserves of gold, the Afrikaner is in a position to stockpile oil and other strategic materials while the world is laboriously screwing itself up to the sticking point of imposing sanctions. It may take two years or more for the sanctions to take hold, with all this lag implies in the way of stresses on the coalition. So long as the mines produce, the Afrikaner can bribe the Portuguese, and probably other nationalities, to black-market critical quantities of oil across the northern borders.

An international police force to monitor contraband trade opens up another, separate can of worms. If it chooses, the South African Government can deal harshly with the three High Commission territories of Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland. After a few months of blockade, it will be necessary to airlift food supplies into two of these regions—at immense cost, and despite the foreknowledge that much of the airlift will inevitably leak out to South Africa. Perhaps England's is the heaviest burden to be carried by a single nation in the event of a blockade of South Africa; she ships about 4½ per cent of her total exports there. Probably these days Britain could not sustain this sacrifice by herself. She would need to be subsidized by the other blockading nations, exacerbating the troubles of the coalition managers.

But economic sanctions could *just* be contrived, if luck and determination held out in the face of every setback, and, once in force, economic sanctions would certainly injure South Africa severely after an indefinite period of time. I leave to my readers' judgments the likelihood of an international operation of so unique a character, as well as of its rights and wrongs. I want here only to warn against oversimplifying. When the blockade starts to hurt, the Africans will bear the first brunt. As it hurts more, the character of the regime, its economy breathing heavily, will grow sterner. The South African white's fear of the black man, not far from the surface now, will emerge in fiercer forms. Instead of avoiding violence, through the employment of economic methods rather than military ones, the world will have promoted violence: the violence of hunger, the violence of fear and hate.

Brain Over Instincts

Presumably the Afrikaner's brain will advise him to yield to the irresistible might of the world-wide assault. But no one can promise that the Afrikaner's brain will prevail over the dark, deep instincts which tell him never to surrender on this issue of issues. Armed and angry and physically intact, he may never surrender. Epidemic, famine, massacre may be only the first signs that the blockade has commenced to make itself felt. And as the operation marches down its grim road, and the sheer weight of the black population begins to tell, there will be outbreaks of race war—and, at the climax, the necessity of a military rescue team to enter the country and evacuate every white man in it, no one knows where. Now the world is left with a Super-Congo on its hands and the agony of millions on its conscience. All this is not the apocalyptic bogy of a wretch who cannot decide what he believes in, but is at least as probable an outcome of a successful sanctions policy as any other outcome, given the realities of South African life. And the man is irresponsible who advocates sanctions without seeing this possible outcome, and preparing himself to live with it.

Personally, I feel that engineering a plan of effective economic sanctions will prove to be almost as onerous a task as planning military sanctions, because of the need for subtle coordinations in the operation and the diffuse, distracted nature of international political power. Nevertheless, I suppose it is possible that the world might drift into an informal scheme of sanctions, perhaps virtually as harmful to South Africa as an explicit program would be, not so much because it's the moral as because it's the easiest course. If this happens, and the sanctions start disrupting the coher-

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ence of the regime without noticeably melting the Afrikaner's soul, I believe we must insist upon the parallel creation of a stand-by military force, poised to step in and forestall the mutual extermination of blacks and whites when the cork finally pops. To punish a bully is one thing, to murder him another. The prevention of mass-murder is the least which those of us profoundly dubious of the sanctions policy have the right to demand.

The Changing Situation

But I really believe we are going to have to wait for time to alter the terms of the South African complex and to enable us to attack the problem from fresh perspectives. Time is bringing many changes to South Africa, and some of these changes will offer new opportunities for the application of effective pressures on a piecemeal basis. The Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique will not survive forever to shield South Africa's flanks. America and Britain already possess enough leverage to negotiate on specific abuses, such as the pass law or exit permit systems: let them tighten the screws a little.

If our policy planners could be persuaded to discard a scattershot approach in favor of an infinitely more promising marksmanship approach, Nigeria and India might be built up into commanding power-centers on their respective continents, and in the long run these countries are better placed to press certain kinds of reform on South Africa than we are. If I had to condense everything I feel about a correct South African policy into a sort of epigram, I would say this: the best fields on which to win the battles of Johannesburg are in Lagos and Delhi.

Most important of all, time will continue to remodel the Afrikaner himself as it is already doing: drawing him off the veld into the city, exposing his sons to jazz and Freud, giving the next generation, and the one after that, a chance to shed timeworn psychoses and to join the twentieth century. I cannot be sure. Waiting is hateful doctrine to preach to men who are suffering cruelly and unjustly. But some are born blind. Some are born to live but a few moments, and never have the chance to wait. This is life. A man born in South Africa is born into one of the ugliest, and worst tangled, socio-politico-ethnological freaks in the record of man. South Africa can be obliterated, it can be driven mad—but to fix it, to cure it, to cause the sun to shine upon frightened hearts which know nothing whatever of the arts of society: that will take God's time.

FUN AND GAMES

THE SCREEN

If Graham Greene had written it he would have called it an Entertainment—to differentiate it from his serious novels. But Terence Rattigan wrote it, and it's featherweight and pretentious and called "The Yellow Rolls-Royce." Its three separate tales are connected only by a handsome, yellow Rolls-Royce which plays a key role as a setting for three assignations. Although not as entertaining as "The V.I.P.s," which was tremendously popular in 1963 and the work of the same trio who did the new film (writer Rattigan, producer Anatole de Grunwald, director Anthony Asquith), "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" will no doubt appeal to the same audience. The picture has all the glitter and glamor of a tinselly Christmas tree, which, unfortunately does not quite conceal the slimness of its stories.

In the first one, Rex Harrison, giving an exquisite portrayal of a well-bred marquess, buys the yellow Rolls-Royce in the early 1930s as an anniversary present for his wife (Jeanne Moreau, looking even more sourpussed and disgruntled than ever). Although he discovers she is having an affair with his young assistant at the Foreign Office (Edmund Purdom), he realizes he is stuck with this unsavory situation and can give vent to his emotion only by getting rid of the Rolls. Reminiscent of plays by Wilde and Maugham, this artificial comedy of manners is just an elaborately decorated incident with beautiful settings at Ascot and Lord Astor's Cliveden estate.

Several years and many miles later in Italy, the car is bought by an Italian-American gangster (George C. Scott) for his traveling-companion sweetie (Shirley MacLaine). When Scott has to return to America for a "job," he leaves the girl in care of his bodyguard (Art Carney) who has cause to be nervous while she carries on with a happy, carefree photographer (Alain Delon) who gives her new insight on love and enjoyment of life. This second episode is mainly a character sketch well acted before attractive backgrounds around Pisa and Florence, which contrast effectively with the uncultured Americans: the tough, brutal gangster; the dumb, Miami hatcheck girl who thinks Pisa is a stopover between hamburger joints; the bland, seemingly-colorless bodyguard.

Most disappointing and least interesting of the three tales is the last one set in Italy and Yugoslavia in 1941.

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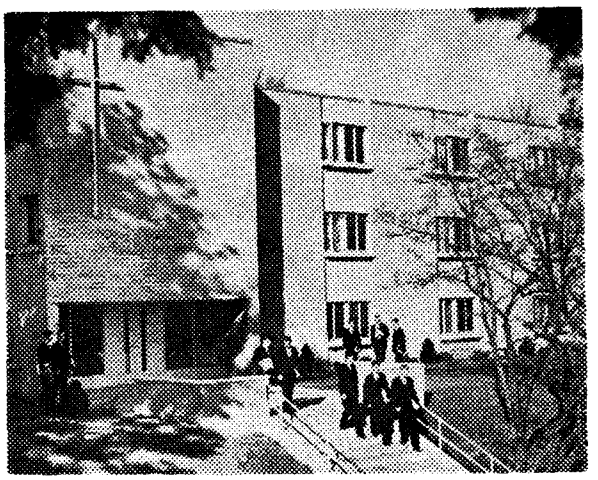

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A wealthy American (Ingrid Bergman) now owns the Rolls, and when she goes into Yugoslavia, she finds herself smuggling in a condemned partisan (Omar Sharif) and then aiding his fellows even though her principles are far to the right. The romancing between Ingrid and Omar, consummated in the Rolls, is quite unconvincing. And by now, the yellow Rolls-Royce, itself, has begun to be only an obvious contrivance, a device to link the three stories.

"Synanon" describes the purpose of Synanon House, an establishment in California dedicated to helping and curing drug addicts. Producer-director Richard Quine wisely used the real Synanon House on the West Coast as his setting and gathered a good cast to tell his unpleasant but compelling story. But the screenplay by Ian Bernard and S. Lee Pogostin is itself such a hopped-up affair that the picture's semi-documentary aspects are almost lost in soap opera.

Alex Cord gives a good performance as the young addict who comes to Synanon for help; and we see him going through some of the difficult problems of withdrawal and adjustment. But the script-writers, not content with sticking to one story in a factual manner, overload the movie with several complications that wear out the movie's usefulness—and us. Quine has directed his cast well, and had good people to work with: Edmond O'Brien as Chuck Dederich, the man who started Synanon, Chuck Connors, Richard Conte, Eartha Kitt, and Stella Stevens. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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MOTHER MARY ANTHONY, S.H.C.J.

FRAGMENT

Whether the willows where the harps were hung
Are the trees planted by the water so
Immovably, I can't pretend to know.
But I regret the songs they left unsung,
Their fear of graven images among
The standersby—they to whom Moses slow
Of speech spoke out a wilderness ago
When every creature had a living tongue.

Potter and silversmith and wheel and fire
And lump of earth, still viable in art,
Then turned and toiled and sang and danced and gave
Up secrets to the zither and the lyre.
Agent and patient and beholder part
Company once the Thing is in the grave.

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Children's Books

TEACHING JOHNNY TO COP OUT

SAUL MALOFF

Generally speaking, parents, not children, choose the books children read. When they take thought, the thought is likely to be solemn and sodden; presumably they have it in mind not only to provide pleasure of some sort but also (or better still) an "experience," or, worse, a "growth experience" that will—the thought goes on—have some shaping effect upon other, subsequent experiences. Postulated is some belief in a sequence of acts causally related. Fill your shelves, and theirs, with the books you want your kids to read, and knowing excellence, they will seek it later in life: from Dr. Seuss to Dostoyevsky, in a straight, unwavering line. Don't order them to love Bach. Pipe Bach into the nursery, make it their muzak, and by subliminal aesthetic association, you will have established the love that lasts. Now we know all this to be manifestly absurd —material for comic novels about advanced families in green suburbs. And yet we believe it. Or even if we do not, we act as if we do.

I write now more as a father than as a critic. My 17-year-old daughter had all the right, all the ennobling experiences, and in fantastic abundance. The air that poor child breathed in her crib was hideous with baroque. Nothing reached her ears but the pre-Mozart Italians; her shelves groaned with Good Books; her walls were covered all over with Giottos and Cimabues, etchings and drawings, none of your new-fangled oils. Her life, including her pre-natal experience, has been one thunderous cultural explosion. Now she reads Jane Austen and late Henry James—whether for herself or to make Daddy happy I have no way of knowing, nor, I suspect, does she. Sometimes I think she really lives her intensest life among the pages of the fashion magazines. I thrust the thought from me. Virtue *must* triumph. It had better. That child has had nothing but the best of everything.

Mine was the parent-generation of Freud and Melanie Klein, Adler and Malinovsky, Stekel and Gesell. Probably, I conclude from that nightmare, we should leave our kids alone, to shift for themselves, as we think we did. Statistically, the results are likely to be quite the same. We've made a mess of it, and so, doubtless, will they—whether they grow up on blood-and-thunder, sex-and-sadism comic books, or Jonathan Swift, Twain, Defoe, unabridged *Moby Dick*.

Yet we cannot bear the irrational, the causeless, the "overdetermined." Seeing unreason everywhere in our lives, we fall back in terror upon geometric notions of right reason, insist on order where there may be none. Knowing better, fearing the worst, we act on the belief that our choices have coherent consequences. Accidents happen, of course, but not if we are scrupulously careful.

Unbearable Books

Now these grave and murky reflections are occasioned by the question of what shall we give our children to read. Knowing perfectly well that only the certifiably insane believe it, I am all for instilling in legal infants the tragic sense of life, ideas of radical evil, existential decision, the intolerable certainty of death—though I would not, of course, deny them healthy play and sufficient sunlight. I have the lunatic,

SAUL MALOFF, *a previous contributor, recently edited* The Young Readers' Treasury of British and American Verse (*Avon*). *He is Book Editor at* Newsweek *Magazine.*

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indefensible conviction that it is good for them—morally and aesthetically. I realize, by some monstrous irony of history and human perversity, that the great "children's books" are among the most unbearable of all books. Take the Brothers Grimm, and Gulliver, and Huck, and Crusoe. Like any other great work of art, they tell the truth, they tell it pitilessly; and the truths they tell are often ugly, sometimes very nearly insupportable—which is simply to say that they tell the truth.

Let me put the elements of my dilemma in another way. W. H. Auden once said (I think he was speaking of the poems of Walter de la Mare) that if you gave a boy good poems to read and store in his head, he may die on the gallows or otherwise break his mother's heart, but he will never suffer from a tin ear. He was saying, I think, that "understanding" is somehow not the important thing. Rhythm is; sound is; the interplay of silence and stress is. These have somehow to do with meaning—therefore with understanding, in an odd way with truth itself.

We have so many ways of lying, so few of telling the truth. And lying is of the very essence of bad art. Lies are always prettier than the truth. They come in soft pastels and they smell nice. They seem more suitable—certainly for children. We tell ourselves they're not ready for the truths we know. After enough feedings, lies become the only truths they know.

Truths themselves, when an artist reveals them with brutal force, seem like a gratuitous insult to a soggy sensibility. The moral sense itself is affected, even the intelligence. So little penetrates the tight, neurotic defensive system. Nothing is more dismaying than to watch bright college students devise ways of misreading the masters. It is as though they simply cannot allow themselves to believe that Swift and the others are really saying such perfectly dreadful things. It is such a relief when they find out that the poor Dean was such a sick man, that his sickness, alas, took such vile, dirty forms. Poor man. What a little therapy in time might have spared him—them, us.

Award Winner

All this while I have been thinking of the Newbery Award for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." John Newbery was the eighteenth-century English publisher who was the first to print books for children, among them such classics as *Mother Goose's Melodies* and *Goody Two-Shoes*. The award has been given annually, by a special committee of the American Library Association, since 1922, and while most of the winners have faded into oblivion, some, I suspect, like Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind* and Will James's *Smoky, The Cowhorse,* are still with us. Certainly they were still around when I was growing up.

The 1964 winner is Maia Wojciechowska's *Shadow of a Bull*, a book which seems to me to be a case in point. Although it contains some drawings, it is no picture book for tots. It is a short novel intended for kids who can read a sustained narrative of a certain complexity all by themselves, with no one breathing down their necks.

Shadow is a harmless little book, sweet in its way, and instructive. Among other things, it is a guide to bullfighting, its technique and mystique, both, tricked out with a glossary of terms in Spanish and English, a how-to manual, and rather vivid descriptions of the balletic moves. The small protagonist, Manolo Olivar, 9 when the tale opens and 12 when it ends, is the only son of the great Juan Olivar (a dead ringer for Manolete)—the superlative *numero uno,* killed in the ring. All Arcangel—his Andalusian town—lives for the time when Manolo will redeem all Spain by becoming his father's even greater successor. Like a primitive people awaiting the advent of a rain-king, all Spain awaits the "birth of a bullfighter." That will be the meaning of his life, and theirs.

But Manolo, a gentle, sensitive, introspective boy, lacks the true passion, the fires of *aficion*—the overriding intensity of feeling for the "victory of man over death" which the Spanish call *la fiesta brava,* the ritual confrontation of a brave man with a brave bull. At the heart of his torment is the sacred code of *pundonor*—the special gravity, dignity, and solemnity which the Spanish attach to the quasi-religious idea of personal honor. In interesting ways *Shadow* confirms our suspicion that Ernest Hemingway was the finest writer of children's literature of our time.

Manolo is a boy "who could hardly watch a fly being killed without feeling its pain, its loss." Reluctantly, doubting himself, he apprentices himself to *aficionados*, spectral figures whose only desire is to recreate in the

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boy his great father. He undergoes the arduous training—in torment; a boy preparing himself for the rigors of a kind of priesthood for which he has no true vocation.

The possibilities for fiction are interesting; but at this point the game is rigged. Starkness begins to give way to sentimentality. An old doctor—an Andalusian Lionel Barrymore—enters out of nowhere to practice his healing arts on the gored body of a matador, with Manolo's assistance. And there is no possible mistaking the form the cop-out will take. The pressure thus removed—by the author, for the sake of the gentle reader—Manolo can be allowed to vindicate himself in safety. The reader knows the boy is in good hands. No harm can come to him now. He goes ahead with his novice fight. He is superb with the cape—a young master; but he cannot go through with the *faena,* the approach to the kill. Such high drama as the book contains lies there—in the portrayal of the beauty and nobility, the ceremonial grace and irrational meaning of the tragic encounter in the ring. Our moral misgivings—humane, bourgeois, queasy—are made to seem irrelevant, trivial—as, indeed, they should. Not in life (that is not the point); but in *this* fiction.

But life need not necessitate tragic choice. Pathos can always be got round, if you are sly enough. You can have it all ways. Manolo, aged 12, can be a dazzling virtuoso in the ring. And who should appear in the stands at the fight? Who but the old doctor, looking every inch the *deus ex machina*? looking every inch the Way Out?

Aesthetic of Compromise

This Andalusian boy, like any other good American boy, will go off, led by that kindly light, to become a doctor, opting for the supreme middle-class choice: a long and happy life at good pay. Once again, just as we stood on the brink of some painful discovery, we have been spared. It could have been a nightmare, but mother called it a bad dream, and she knows best. Hemingway knew, sometimes anyway, that we are in fact defeated—that defeat is one of the terms of employment.

If *Shadow of a Bull* were not a skillful performance, my argument would be even more fatuous than it is. I return to my absurd supposition—that sensibilities are shaped by what we feed them while they are still malleable; and arguing from that suggest a spirit trained up on the aesthetic of the compromise and the cop-out cannot later be expected to stand too much reality.

Clues to tomorrow's China?

WHAT CHINESE CHILDREN READ

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

The Chinese children of today represent a generation that will soon loom large on the world stage, and it seems a normal, non un-American activity, to entertain a fair amount of curiosity about them. Short of a detailed report, a limited but genuine view from a particular angle may be helpful, namely—What do Chinese children read?

One who tries to find out through the New York Public Library receives no answer. The New York Public Library, so remarkable in its available material on children's books from all over the world, has nothing to offer, so far, on Chinese children's reading. Not the Library's fault of course. However, fortunately, when one goes abroad, in Paris, for instance, or in London, one can see displays of Chinese children's books. Mostly humble paper books, not paperback, just paper, like pamphlets, all sizes and shapes. There are also a few cardboard and clothbound books.

Not knowing Chinese—any kind of Chinese—I should have been attracted first by the color, especially because of its delicate softness. But I wasn't. First came the surprise of seeing the books written in French, though the imprint was Chinese. I was given a catalog and dis-

MRS. BISHOP *is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are the following:* Augustus, The Big Loop, Blue Spring Farm, The Man Who Lost His Head, Pancakes-Paris, Toto's Triumph, Twenty and Ten, Bernard and His Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, The Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Martin de Porres, Lafayette: French-American Hero, A Present from Petros, *and most recently,* Twenty-Two Bears (*Viking*).

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covered that those Chinese Children's books are published simultaneously in French, English, Russian, Spanish, Indonesian, Vietnamese, Burmese, Hindi, German, Arabic, Finnish, Thai, Dutch, Urdu, Japanese and Esperanto. Chinese story picture books, Chinese children, Chinese landscapes, are going all over the world—United States excepted.

Propaganda? Yes, and, it seems to me, a persuasive kind. Apart from the texts, to which we shall come later, there is real human value in spreading children's books from one country to another. This we know well and we do it. But the Chinese do not wait for later translations; as they print for their own children they also print for children of other nationalities.

In addition, the ultra-modest garb, probably compulsive for economic reasons, must appeal to children of underdeveloped countries; they must feel that these are their own books, not those of a rich uncle.

So many pictures and such a profusion of colors seem to indicate that cost of production is no problem in China. Craftsmanship is outstanding. In those unassuming books there is a rare perfection of drawing, a felicitous fantasy, an unerring taste. The style is academic but the illustrators are real artists. Fastidious care in small details and decoration should enchant children. Many books are made of framed full-page pictures with two or three lines of text beneath. Some of the "frames" have a dainty lace-like border. The whole modest makeup is attractive.

The texts I have read—in French—fall into three categories: old and new folktales, modern didactic tales, Communist stories.

Folklore seems to have priority. This is not surprising when one recalls the wealth of the Chinese oral story-telling tradition. Happily, Chinese publishers apparently don't suffer from the trauma which afflicted the Russians in the early 30's in regard to fairy tales. Devils, dragons, monsters, as well as kind spirits, are there—the tales burst out with fantasy, breathless adventures, buffoonery and wisdom.

Outstanding is a traditional hero *The King of the Monkeys.* Souen-Woo-kong, the Monkey, is the hero of *The Pilgrimage to the West,* a Chinese classic written in the sixteenth century by Wu-Tcheng-en and relating adventures connected with the real and astonishing voyage of the monk Hsiun-Tang to India in the seventh century. Brought up in the Confucian tradition Hsiun-Tang converted to Buddhism in his youth. But he wanted to know more about Buddhism, therefore, in spite of the imperial decree he journeyed to India and studied there sixteen years. Back in China he spent the rest of his life translating Buddhist sacred books which surpass the Bible in length. A whole story-telling tradition grew around this pilgrimage. It has something of *Pilgrim's Progress,* Paul Bunyan and *Arabian Nights.* Monkey is Hsiun-Tang's brave, loyal, resourceful and optimistic disciple. Clever and not easily fooled, he saves over and over again his saintly but impractical master from wily demons. An endless, bouncing, colorful, exciting tale, parts of which lend themselves well to retelling separately. This masterpiece is not unknown as a fairy tale in the West. It is also part of the Peking Opera repertory, whose actors train at the famous School of the Pear Garden, founded in 800, for the enjoyment of countless Chinese generations, and now of the French public too whenever the Chinese artists are in Paris.

Fable Style

Other popular tales have the same liveliness, vitality and optimism—*Mountains of Fire, The Viol With A Horse.* In those traditional tales realism is strongly marked, even the death of the sympathetic hero is encountered as in *The Old Man and the Spring.* However it leaves no sense of failure or even sadness, so strongly have the positive values been emphasized.

Marie Tanglehair

The story of an Indian girl in a Quebec convent school in 1654

by DOROTHY HEIDERSTADT

Illustrated by Ursula Koering

"Seventeenth-century Quebec is the setting for this narrative of a young Huron Indian girl's experiences in an Ursuline convent school. Unhappy because her parents had sent her away for a year to escape Iroquois raids, at first she violently resisted but finally learned to accept the necessary restraints of convent life. Girls will follow with a good deal of sympathy Marie's gradual awakening to the values of both worlds in which she lives. Recommended." —*Library Journal*

At all bookstores . $3.25

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC. New York, N.Y.

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From "The Nightingale"
(Harper & Row)

Fable style is also amply represented as in an ancient and quaint Chinese fable of an ungrateful wolf.

Romance is not forgotten as in the exquisite tales of *Ashma, The Marriage of Sodnam Drolma* and *The Golden Shell.* The latter reminds the reader of the Little Siren of Andersen. But here, the young hero's love overcomes all obstacles, including old age and withering of the little siren and, of course, this way he wins her for good, with youth and beauty reconquered. An exhilarating victory for young readers and a soothing tale for all ladies past fifty—Chinese or not. All these love tales are in verse, transmitted up to this day, through countless generations of oral tradition by an analphabete people with an inborn, unerring sense of art.

That this art is not lost these children's books are proofs. The re-tellers of today are also masters of their art—swift action moving on steadily toward a determined goal, a fine economy of words which does not prevent light, lyrical touches of descriptive beauty, true-to-life dialogues.

New stories in folktale patterns retain the same characteristics and some of the old flavor. Supernatural beings have been turned into old men and beautiful princesses, but animals, trees, springs continue to talk and advise. Both old and new tales are so enchanting that one doubly regrets the occasional propaganda, especially in the form of anachronism. For instance, the traditional landlord of fairy tales who, in French is *le seigneur* is designated as the *hobereau* a nineteenth century scornful word for country squire completely out of place in the context of an old tale pattern.

Modern stories of everyday life have a definite didactic tone, sometimes skillful, sometimes heavy. *The Kid and I* illustrates thoughtlessness; the pencil wants to be cared for properly in *The Adventure of the Little Pencil;* a boy becomes a carpenter through a long, patient apprenticeship in *Lou-Pan; The Young Shepherd, Tchaolou* saves the whole community herd. Through their tenacity *The Little Carps Jump Through the Dragon's Gate.* Gay, gentle, but insistent moral advice characterizes these stories. The same concern is also found in the fairy tales, if less obvious. One begins to wonder whether in our dread of the nineteen-century, boring, moralizing tone in the West we have not let the pendulum swing too far on the other side. Children are not adverse to clean-cut advice when not arbitrary. It gives them a much needed sense of security. At any rate, Chinese authors seem to have no qualms at preaching merrily.

Communist Stories

As to the Communist stories proper, we have to try to examine them impartially. First on their literary value. For instance the autobiographical stories of *Kao-Yupao,* a peasant's son who wanted to go to school is movingly written. Of course, the villain is always the landlord, the *hobereau* or the *imperialist.* But what can we expect? To me the real drawback of those Chinese Communist stories is that they are not good enough as stories. To have all Young Pioneers and Popular Army of Liberation soldiers turn out to be such paragons of virtue is rather dull to say the least.

However, when everything is said, pro and con, what remains of the general output I have seen is the feeling that a great deal of thought, talent, care and tenderness goes into that whole publishing, and, we have to say it, a genuineness which excludes money concern. Perhaps this is a Chinese characteristic since we find it in the constant emphasis of certain ethical values either in old or modern stories. Over and over again comes the clear vision that life is hard for man but ever so worthwhile to be lived, not for what one gets out of it, but for what one gives to it. Shades of bemoaned President Kennedy! Besides this strong, lofty outlook, the other traditional Chinese values are still enhanced—reverence for old age, gentleness in women, excellency in workmanship. All this together with a great deal of gaiety, humor and imagination, a fine sense of drama and suspense.

Let us hope that before long we shall encounter the Chinese children who have read or are reading these humble-looking books published with the best of taste and unusually inspired in pictures and texts.

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Good storytelling and brilliant medieval-like illustrations distinguish these concise and decorative short books. 6-10.

A Boy Hears About Jesus. By Edith Frazer. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Abingdon. $2.95.

A mother's stories make Jesus and His times seem warm, real and immediate to a modern child. 6-10.

The Lord Jesus. By Sister M. Elizabeth, I.H.M. and Sister M. Johnice, I.H.M. Ill. by A & M Provensen. Allyn & Bacon. $1.20.

A first catechetical book—easy, winning and with a broad vision, starting with Genesis. The color pictures are profuse and beautiful. A companion volume, *Come, Lord Jesus,* about the Mass, costs $1.40. Both books are remarkable for their lack of prejudice and will help young Catholics respect and love the Jewish people. 6-10.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. From the Book of Daniel. Ill. by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey-McGraw. $2.75.

An attractive volume with spirited illustrations. 7-11.

Do You Know About Angels? By Mary Cousins. Ill. by Patricia Revell. Kenedy. $2.95.

Stories about angels and their adventures with men. The author has a quick, relaxed style. 9-12.

The Children's Bible. Golden. $4.95.

The Old Testament and the New Testament retold in simple but flowing language and lavishly illustrated on every page with glowing color. This has been given approval by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen. 8-14.

The Bible Story Library. Edited by Turner Hodges & Elizabeth MacLean. Gustave Dore illustrations. Also maps. Bobbs.

The Holy Scriptures in story form. A big 726-page book, designed with dignity, that has been approved by all faiths. 9-15.

Pope Paul VI. By Roy MacGregor-Hastie. Photos. Criterion. $3.50.

A full, detailed, vivid biography by the author of *Pope John XXIII.* 12-16.

From "Down to Earth" (Harcourt, Brace)

A Treasury of Irish Saints. By John Irvine. Ill. by Ruth Brandt. Walck. $3.

Brief, witty poems and sharply etched woodcuts make an attractive gift book. Biographical notes about the saints add value. 8 and up.

PICTURE BOOKS

Just Me. Written and ill. by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. $2.50.

A little boy imitates the barn and forest animals. Marie Ets weaves her usual magic into this deceptively simple and highly satisfying picture book.

Whose Little Bird Am I? Written and Ill. by Leonard Weisgard. Warne. $2.50.

A simple, rhythmic repetitive look-at book for the very youngest.

Don't Think About a White Bear. By Eve Merriam. Ill. by Murray Tinkelman. Putnam. $2.95.

A few lilting words to a page and big, bold stylized pictures with a lot of variety make a humorous and attractive book for pre-schoolers.

Captain Noah and His Ark. By Edwin Samuel. Ill. by Lola Fielding. Abelard-Schuman. $2.95.

A seven-year-old Noah in modern Israel goes to sea in a bathtub Ark. Indirectly the story and the bright design-like pictures give a fine feeling of life around Tel-Aviv.

Someday. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. $2.50.

A little girl's daydreams. Someday she'll *have* and *do* . . . well you must buy the book to see what she longs for.

The wry, well-chosen words and the imaginatively detailed, humorous drawings blend with perfection.

Obadiah the Bold. Written and ill. by Brinton Turkle. Viking. $3.50.

Lovely watercolors and an appealing text about a little Nantucket boy who decides he does not want to be a pirate after all. Gentle humor.

Tom and The Two Handles. By Russell Hoban. Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Harper. $1.95.

A wise, warm and witty story of two best friends who quarrel and have quite a time making up. Two other superior Harper "I Can Read Books" are the hilarious *I Should Have Stayed in Bed* by Joan Lexau and Syd Hoff and the science-story *Let's Get Turtles* by Millicent Selsam and Arnold Lobel.

Chie and the Sports Day. By Masako Matsuno. Ill. by Kazue Mizumura. World. $3.

A Japanese boy learns a little sister can be pretty nice after all. A warm, everyday story with a school background and pleasing color drawings.

A Stocking for a Kitten. By Helen Kay. Ill. by Yaroslava. Abelard. $2.95.

A folktale-like story with repetition, humor and suspense. Grandmother teaches Tanya how to knit, and a lesson about life as well. The gay drawings with their peasant patterns fit the text perfectly.

Mississippi Possum. By Miska Miles. Ill. by John Schoenherr. Atlantic-Little. $3.

When the river floods everyone has to move, even the possum, and he and Mary Rose make friends as they camp out. Distinguished, strong drawings and an equally sure, poetic text. That Mary Rose and her family are Negroes is incidental but it adds to the appeal.

Hide and Seek Fog. By Alvin Tresselt.

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.*

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Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. $3.50.

There is a haunting and unforgettable beauty to these paintings of life in a seaside village during a summer fog. For anyone, any age, who vacations by the sea.

EASY READING

Bread-and-Butter Indian. By Anne Colver. Ill. by Garth Williams. Holt. $2.95.

A true story of pioneer days and an appealing little girl whose kindness to an Indian later saves her life. Excellent storytelling with the warm, homey detail that girls love. 7-10.

Mishmash and the Sauerkraut Mystery. By Molly Cone. Ill. by Leonard Shortall. Houghton. $3.

Adventure, suspense, satire and rollicking fun make this original boy-dog-neighborhood mystery a must for everyone. Perfect drawings. 7-10.

Starlight in Tourrone. By Suzanne Butler. Ill. by Rita Fava Fegiz. Little. $3.25.

A village in southern France brings back the old custom of the "Christmas March" thanks to the faith and determination of a group of children. 7-10.

Promise of the Rainbow. By Rosalie Fry. Ill. by Robin Jacques. Bell-Farrar. $2.95.

The ecumenical spirit blooms in Wales as some Anglican, Methodist and Catholic children rebuild a mountain chapel and realize their oneness. 8-11.

The Spider Plant. By Yetta Speevack. Ill. by Wendy Watson. Atheneum. $3.25.

A spider plant helps a Puerto Rican girl make friends in New York. An understanding story of homesickness and true neighborliness with a realistic school and Scout background. 8-11.

Marie Tanglehair. By Dorothy Heiderstadt. Ill. by Ursula Koering. McKay. $3.25.

An Indian girl's struggles to adapt to a convent school in Quebec. A moving story rich in value and drama. 8-11.

The Runaway Cattle. By Verne T. Davis. Ill. by Charles Geer. Morrow. $2.95.

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Two on an Island. By Bianca Bradbury. Ill. by Robert MacLean. Houghton. $3.

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Tom Tit Tot. Ill. by Evaline Ness. Scribner's. $3.25.

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Two Crabs in the Moonlight. By Tohr Yamaguchi. Ill. by Marianne Yamaguchi. Holt. $3.00.

A sensitive and poetic modern folktale of sacrifice and love. Moonlit pictures with soft beauty. 6-9.

Henry's Dog Henry. By Walter R. Brooks. Ill. by Aldren Watson. Knopf. $2.95.

A satirical, satisfying fable of a well-trained dog who teaches his young master to mind. A must! 5-9.

From "Miss Possum" (Little, Brown)

Zee. By Elizabeth Enright. Ill. by Irene Haas. Harcourt. $3.50.

Forced to move by one clumsy person after another, Zee, a tiny fairy, hates people until one day she finds a special girl. Sensitive color drawings enhance the magic and mischief. 6-10.

A Cavalcade of Kings. Edited by Eleanor Farjeon & William Mayne. Ill. by Victor Ambrus. Walck. $5.95.

A superb collection of tales about kings: some imaginary, some legendary, a few real. Some poems are added for good measure. A large, handsome book, perfect for gift giving. Grownups will treasure the editors' comments. 8-12.

STORIES FOR 9-13

Silver Stories and Golden Verse. Edited by Mary Louise Hector Cuneo & Paul Cuneo. Ill. by Salem Taner. Dodd. $3.75.

An anthology for children about the Catholic way of life. Several of these fine stories are by Claire H. Bishop.

Home From Far. By Jean Little. Ill. by Jerry Lazare. Little. $3.95.

A moving, honest and understanding story of a girl's adjustment to her brother's death and to the foster brother who comes to take his place. Children will cry over this and gain much wisdom too.

The Ladder of Snow. By Showell Styles. Vanguard. $3.

Mountaineering, mystery and a near escape as a brother and sister vacation in the Alps. As usual Mr. Styles gives a fine feeling of the mountains and the courage they call forth.

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What a delight to have the loyal, rugged Barker family of the prize-winning *Family Conspiracy* back again. This time there are cattle thieves to contend with. Depth, insight and rich characterization.

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Gripping suspense by a master storyteller, who handles nineteenth-century background with ease and color.

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Berries Goodman. By Emily Cheney Neville. Harper. $2.95.

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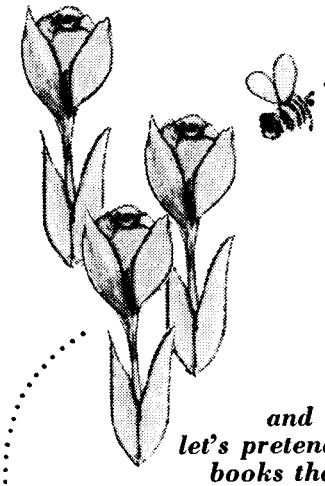

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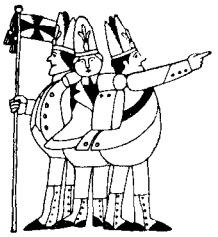

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A Love or a Season. By Mary Stolz. Harper. $3.95.

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The first complete biography of Kennedy for young children A dramatic account with warmth and scholarliness and especially good material on Kennedy's boyhood. For 7-10. Charles Graves is also the author of a stirring *John Smith* for 8-11. Garrard. $2.75.

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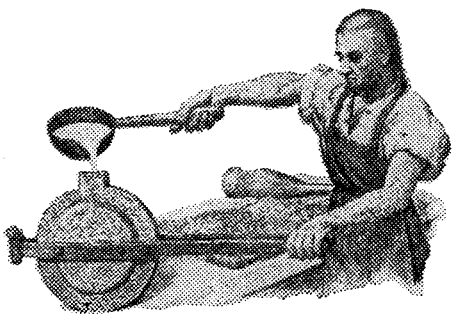
Darrow, defender of labor and protector of civil rights, well deserves such a fine and timely biography. 12-18.



From "Colonial Craftsmen" (World)

Explorer of the Unconscious: Sigmund Freud. By Adrien Stoutenberg & Laura Nelson Baker. Scribner's. $3.95.

A rich rounded biography that gives an interesting picture of medicine in Freud's time as well as of Freud himself. 12-18.

Look to this Day! The Lively Education of a Great Woman Doctor: Connie Guion, M.D. By Nardi Reeder Campion with Rosamond W. Stanton. Photos. Little. $4.95.

This 300-page biography reads like a novel. The authors are to be congratulated for their painstaking research and the wealth of fascinating material on Connie Guion's childhood and education. This takes Connie up to her first successes as a doctor; the reader longs for a sequel on her later years. 11-18.

Andrew Jackson. By Margaret Coit. Ill. by Milton Johnson. Houghton. $3.50.

A superior biography—stirring, scholarly, literate—by a Pulitzer Prize winner. 12-18.

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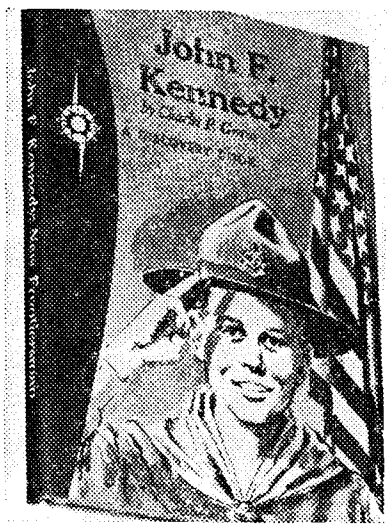

From "John F. Kennedy" (Garrard)

Together in America: The Story of Two Races and One Nation. By Joanna Johnston. Contributions of the Negro to American growth and fame, from colonial days up. A timely book that stresses the relationship between the races and the Negro's progress toward freedom. 11-16.

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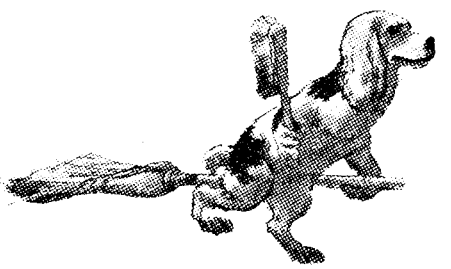

From "Henry's Dog Henry" (Knopf)

The Crab That Crawled out of the Past. By Lorus & Margery Milne. Ill. by Kenneth Gosner. Atheneum. $3.50.

The habits and history of the horseshoe crab, a most unusual creature and one that has been living since before the age of dinosaurs. 9-14.

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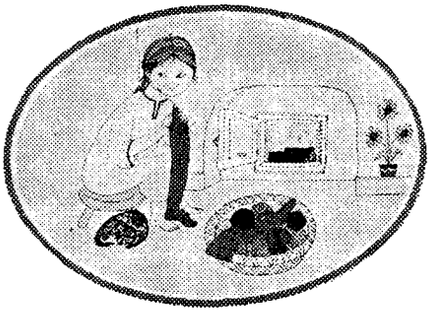

From "A Stocking for Kitten" (Abelard-Schuman)

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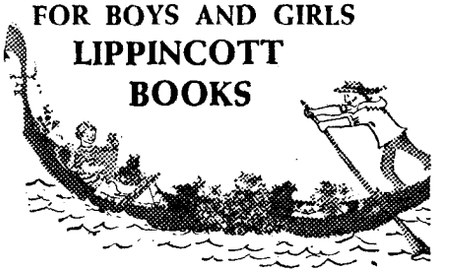

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 307*)

her case" (but how could she have?), and perhaps her book is not "scientific," but I must agree—always in light of the Council—that she deserves a more honest reaction. I have offered her mine. It is hard to do.

LINDA L. ROUTHIER

Father Coughlin

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: It was refreshing to read [May 7] George N. Shuster's crotchety letter about my review of Charles J. Tull's *Father Coughlin and the New Deal.* The further information about the role of Mr. Shuster and Father Parsons—although both of them figure in Mr. Tull's account—is good to have for the record. For the record, I would also like to quote what Father Parsons had to say in the June 1, 1935, editorial in *America:* "For years Father Coughlin has done incomparable service in calling attention to the evils of our economic system. Let me say I have always admired him for it. But the situation today has changed. He is now offering plans based on monetary theories which, to say the least, are untried."

I do not see how Mr. Shuster could have misread my remarks about "more liberal Catholic circles" as indicating a condition of dopedom in those quarters. I made it quite clear (I thought) that Father Coughlin started out with a valuable social program that could have been espoused—and was—by "more liberal Catholic circles" including *The Commonweal* and a priest like Msgr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who found Father Coughlin, in the early days of his career, "on the side of the angels." I then went on to state that Coughlin's first friends (more liberal Catholics) became his first enemies (more liberal Catholics—including *The Commonweal* and Msgr. Ryan). Although it is easy to be a dope in 1965, I am not so unwise as to think that the Catholic Church—an institution which has been conserving itself over many centuries—would be, at any time, a hot-bed of liberalism. "More liberal," in this Catholic context, I took to mean anyone to the left of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, the first eminent clergyman, I believe, to attack Father Coughlin on grounds that were really conservative.

I was surprised that Mr. Shuster had not seen Mr. Tull's book. His quarrel, in any event, was with my review. However, since the dust-jacket states that Mr. Tull took his doctoral degree at Notre Dame, and since (as Mr. Shuster also infers) the book probably represents Mr. Tull's doctoral thesis, a copy of it may well be available in the Notre Dame library.

With Mr. Shuster's indictment of research workers, I have no concern, except to state that I am not now, nor have I ever knowingly been, a graduate student.

JAMES R. MELLOW

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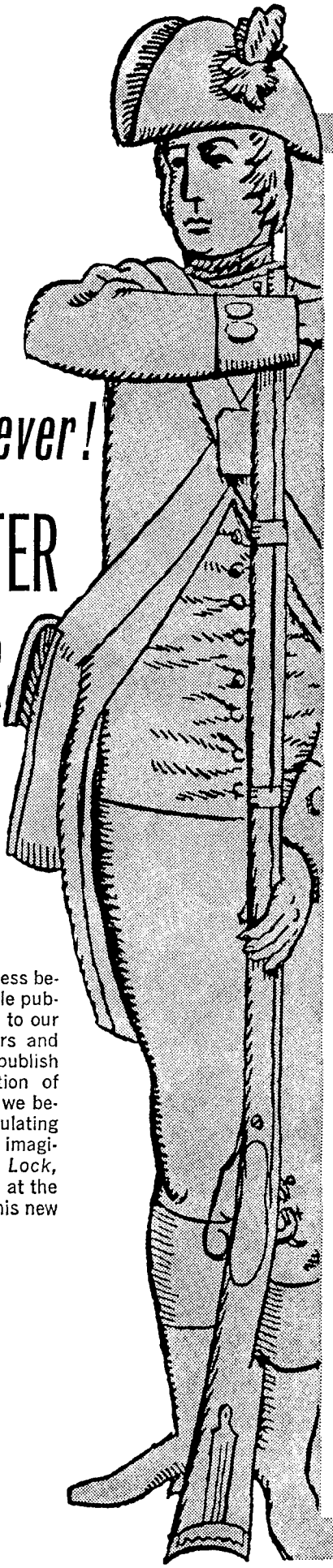

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